

LIBRARY MASSACHUSETTS
00 1957
STATE 051

OUR DUMB Animals



WAITING FOR OPENING TIME

Photo, Archie Griffiths



Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Circulation Mgr.—MARY C. RICHARDS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class mail privileges authorized at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

Animals

VOLUME 90 — No. 10

OCTOBER, 1957

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

★

Officers

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN, President

WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Treasurer—Senior Vice-Pres., First Boston Corp.

EUNICE C. PICKETT, Asst. Treasurer

★

ALBERT A. POLLARD
Director of Education

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
Director of Veterinary Medicine

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

★

Trustee of Permanent Funds — Old Colony Trust Company

INVESTMENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

LLOYD D. BRACE, President, First National Bank of Boston

WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Senior Vice-President, First Boston Corp.

GEORGE F. BENNETT, Vice-President, State Street Investment Corp.

★

J. ROBERT SMITH
Asst. to the President

JOSEPH P. MOONEY
Nat'l. Field Secretary

MARGARET J. KEARNS
Administrative Asst.

JOHN C. MACFARLANE
Dir. Livestock Conservation

LESTER A. GILES, JR.
Dir. Wild-Life Conservation

DONALD H. HANSEN
Field Secretary

J. ROBERT McLANE
Dir. Public Relations

Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Tel. (complaints, ambulances) LONGWOOD 6-6100

HERMAN N. DEAN, Chief Officer

GERALD E. GRIFFIN

CARL BRAGNER

HERBERT CASSIE

MALCOLM B. ERVING

Middlesex, Norfolk & Suffolk Counties

American Humane Education Society

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Director of Education

Educational Staff

Mrs. Edward Bidwell

Gordon Johnston

★

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue

Tel. LONGWOOD 6-6100

Boston, Mass.

Veterinarians

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Chief of Staff

C. LAWRENCE BLAKELY, V.M.D., Dir. of Surgery

TODD O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

THOMAS C. JONES, D.V.M., Pathologist

RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.

ELIZABETH A. FORTUNE, V.M.D.

JEAN HOLZWORTH, D.V.M.

MARGARET L. PETRAK, V.M.D.

ROBERT C. GRIFFITHS, D.V.M.

Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter, Springfield

Telephone 4-7353

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

JAMES V. LEYDEN, Office Manager

Veterinarians

ALEX R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff

WILLIAM E. ROY, D.V.M.

JOSEPH M. STOYAK, V.M.D.

CLYDE L. SHOUSE, D.V.M.

RONALD G. NORTH, D.V.M.

Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — CARROLL A. DOLAN, Pres.; MRS. HUGH TATLOCK, Sec.

Martha's Vineyard Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—Feets Memorial — MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, Chairman.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. FRED CARDIN, Pres.; MRS. JOHN H. CLARKE, Treas.

Northampton Street Animal Clinic

RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Veterinarian in Charge

Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Clinics & Shelters
WILLIAM A. WILCOX, D.V.M., Veterinarian in Charge

"Tuffy"

WHEN she came into our house a little over ten years ago, she was just a tiny bit of fluff that could easily fit into the palm of a hand. It seems that nobody wanted her and, as it was our birthday, we received her as a present.

Our first sight of her was sitting at the bottom of a gaily decorated open box — a beautiful little kitten — plaintively meowing for attention. And attention she needed for weeks to come — attention clear around the clock. But she grew rapidly and became, in due time, a beautiful cat, mostly angora.

We called her "Tuffy" — which we here spell phonetically — because she was just plain tough.

In our neighborhood we have dozens of dogs and, as dogs will, they all wanted to chase Tuffy. She liked the game, deadly as it was, and completely dominated it, even though we died a thousand deaths watching helplessly. But she had scores of hiding places under dense shrubs, and other various escape tricks, and finally, we presume of frustration, the dogs gave up and Tuffy majestically controlled her own domain and should a strange dog dare enter it, she was ever ready, ears back, fangs bared, claws reaching, but still unafraid. She was plenty tough and healthy.

She loved our boy best of all. He could do anything with her and her meow, when he came into the house was a very special one — reserved for him, alone. When she would not come into the house on warm evenings, he needed only to call her once and out of the darkness she would appear, anxious to please the one she really loved best.

Last week, after ten years and four months of life, she suddenly passed away. She has left a void in our lives, including that of our Dachshund, "Penny," whom she loved and slept with, which can never be filled.

We shall miss her greeting when we come home at night, and we shall miss her grace, her independence and her utter devotion to our entire family.

Today she sleeps in our Hillside Acre cemetery at Methuen, Massachusetts, with our other departed pets. All of us, including Penny, know that something very vital—someone who was a member of the family—is missing from our house — someone we loved and who gave us so much to appreciate for over ten years.

Dare we hope that someday we shall see her again?

E. H. H.

Elegant Lady

By Agnes M. Pharo

PANSY came to us, a forlorn, lost little kitten, thirteen years ago. With her appealing wee pansy-like face there was no resisting her. What could we do but take her in, name her for her looks, and love her forever?

The three dogs that have shared her household at various times during these years have been treated with scorn, respect or friendship, according to Pansy's private merit system.

Her present companion is Luigi, a female Shetland sheep dog. They are the best of friends and often eat from the same dish or catnap together in the sunshine. However, when it is time to retire for the night, they insist on separate beds. When Pansy is out-doors, Luigi watches over her constantly, routing any intruder who might threaten her security.

It didn't take Pansy long to learn, that if she sat up and begged, she was rewarded with food. In fact, so adept did she become at this trick, that our dogs learned to do the same thing simply by watching her as she asked for a tid-bit or her supper. We have a special little three-note tune which we whistle to call her and which brings her a-running.

But, she never has to be called for meals. Apparently she has a built-in alarm inside her little tummy, for if 5:15 comes and I'm not in the kitchen fixing her dish, she hunts me up and scolds me soundly.

She is a great music-lover, too. When I sit down to play the piano, my friends may laugh—but never Pansy. She jumps up beside me and stays till the last note has faded. If she wants music and there is no one to play for her, she does it herself by walking up and down the keyboard, talking all the while about her ability to make the sounds she enjoys.

When television first made its appearance at our house Pansy was an avid fan. She would sit fascinated, following the movements on the screen. One night, however, her joy in this amusement was shattered forever. The show was a dramatic one, with two men in a canoe battling the raging waters of a river. Pansy watched as the canoe rocked from side to side. Then the picture shifted to show the torrent rushing toward her, swift and turbulent. The sight of all this water about to engulf her was too much. She ran to hide in a secluded corner and, to this day, will not even peek



at any TV program.

"Genteel" is the word for Pansy. With touches of tan and white in her grey fur coat, she is an elegant little lady. Since her fur is long and thick, she loves to be combed and never scratches even when the comb meets a tangle and pulls a bit. She only gives a protesting "Meow", then purrs and licks my hand as if to say, "I know you couldn't help it."

At thirteen Pansy has reached a good age for a cat, and we know that the time may come when she will no longer be with us. Then we, and Luigi, will be lonely indeed. But right now we push that cheerless thought away and make the most of her love and companionship while she is still here, a cherished member of our family.

We Make Friends with -- Madame Skunk . . .

By Albert W. Bailey



THERE had been a flood and it was still raining when we saw him first, huddled against the lee of the house to keep his bedraggled fur from getting wetter. He looked like a kitten that had just opened his eyes, but he had a bushy tail and three stripes down his back.

I picked him up and brought him into the house, smoothing down his fur and bedding him down in a rag-lined box.

The rest of the family hastily departed, with dire warnings of what happened to people who played with woodland kitties. Nothing happened! I got him a little milk in a saucer and he buried his little pink nose in it. Then he went to sleep. Some of the bolder ones ventured into the kitchen to look at the little tyke, but they kept their distance.

Then, looking through the window and out across the river flats, I saw something coming. It, too, had a plummy tail and three white stripes down its back. Every once-in-awhile it would stop and look around. Now I knew! It was the mother woodland kittie looking for the lost baby.

The little fellow was dry now. I cradled it in my hands and took it outside. The mother was nearer now and I gently placed the little chap down on the ground in front of her. She picked it up as a cat does a kitten, turned, and went back into the Flats.

We saw her off and on during the summer. She was a perfect lady, even if she was what we commonly call—a SKUNK.

Two Cats Own Us

By Pauline L. Jensen

WE didn't want even one cat, but we have two! The first was acquired by the water-on-the-stone-method. You know. "Please, Daddy." "Please, Mommy." Please — please — please!

The second one arrived four years later, and was, we suspect, an interest payment. We found him, shivering and hungry on our doorstep one morning.

For a long time we deluded ourselves into thinking we owned THEM. Now we know that this was only wishful thinking. Our lives are hampered, bounded, and dominated by their needs and wants. Our first act in the morning, and last at night, is dedicated to them. Our morning meal *can not* begin until they are released from their sleeping quarters in the recreation room. Then —comes breakfast! THEIRS!

They have an interesting game that keeps us busy. It might be called, "In and Out the Window," except for the fact, it is the door, instead. Somehow they haven't quite succeeded in training us right, for we still object to them sleeping on the beds. Therefore, they choose the bolsters for their naps. They don't jump up on the kitchen table—that is —*hardly ever*. Not unless someone forgets and leaves chicken, steak or fish upon the table.

The man of the family has a favorite chair. So do the cats! It just happens that the chair in question is one and the same. If the Head-of-the-House rises from the chair, it is immediately commandeered by a fast-moving-feline. This battle is repeated every evening. Who



"They said they'd let us in now, dear, if we promised not to disturb them again."

wins? You guess.

They have such silly names; Mothball and Snowball, and both are black as tar. Maybe those ridiculous names account for their different personalities. Snowball, as a human, would be Mr. Milquetoast. He worries over trifles, and is most apologetic for anything he does that isn't in the book of etiquette. Sometimes he looks at us with wise old eyes. At other times he gambols like a kitten, throwing his dignity to the four winds.

Mothball is a swaggering braggadocio. If he were a man, I'm sure he'd be a politician. He has a busy schedule; pan-handling tidbits from his favorite friends, heckling the dogs confined to their own backyards, maneuvering to pay a surprise visit to the parakeet next door, and keeping up a harmless, but vociferous feud with Mr. Bluejay, his traditional enemy.

Do they catch mice? OUR cats? Why anyone should know that mouse-traps were invented for that purpose. Besides, you can't fool them. They know that *food* comes from the ice-box. Just open the refrigerator door, and even though it makes no sound, immediately there are two customers at hand.

Bedtime presents a problem. They've learned to recognize news times as the end of their lovely evening with the family. They capably attempt to circumvent that disliked trip to their sleeping quarters. And sometimes they succeed! Searching out their hiding places sometimes takes the better part of an evening. And when they're found, they turn their charms on us, and make us feel so guilty for banishing them from our company for the night.

No wonder bedtime finds us weary. Two cats can keep a family busy!

Leave It to Buck!

By Janet C. Hunt

BUCK was our huge German police dog. He was given to us by some cross-country travelers who stopped at our farm, one day. We became very much attached to him and he proved to be a valuable asset to farm operations. But, he insisted upon sleeping in the house which was annoying to me. Always a light sleeper, I awakened easily and every few hours during the night, Buck would get up from his rug, make the rounds of the bedrooms, sniff at each one of the sleepers, and go back to his bed and lie down with a contented sigh. About the time I was dozing again, he would begin making another round. It was like having an elephant padding around the house.

We tried locking him out, but the rumpus he made, scratching and whining, almost drove us mad. About midnight, my son George, who loved the dog, would "weaken" and let him in the house.

George was to be away from home for a week and I said, "Here is where Buck is not going to sleep in the house!"

Oh! But the noise was dreadful. We could not sleep or even rest from his determination to get in "to make his rounds." First at the front door, and then at the back door. He worried us until after midnight. Then—the racket ceased and I supposed he had given up. Wrong! I had just gone back to sleep when I was awakened by the wrenching of the door knob and a voice at the front door.

"It's locked. We can't get in here."

Another wrench at the door, and then—silence.

But not for long. They were at the back door.

The door knob rattled. I remembered the raised kitchen window with only a rusty screen between us and the intruders. I wished that Buck was in the house!

When I could stand the suspense no longer, I got up, put on my robe and slippers, and very quietly I crawled to the window, which was near the door. The glow of a full moon fell upon the figure of a man standing on the step, and beside him,—Buck!

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"Then, get on your way," I snapped.

"I would, but your dog won't let me. I-I—"

And then, suddenly, as if he had received new courage from



Buck's idea of, "Home Sweet Home!"

some unknown source, he said, "You know me. I am one of George's friends. Buck brought me here. Anything wrong?"

Evidently that same unknown source was still at work, for I suddenly recognized my "intruder" and decided I should display some manners. I opened the door and invited George's friend to come into the house.

Buck slid in, too, went to his rug and dropped down, heaving a great sigh of relief.

The man explained to me, in an apologetic tone, that he was going home from a dance and had stopped at the gasoline station (it was a mile down the highway.) He needed water in the car radiator and he got out of his automobile to put the water in, when Buck came "charging" up to him, all out of breath.

"He had been running, I knew. When I attempted to get back into the car, Buck grabbed my wrist and held me. I tried to pull loose but he only tightened his grip. So, I gave up and he pulled me all the way back to your house. I had no choice. Buck is a very determined dog. And then, too, I remembered the stories I have heard about dogs going for help in times of need. I'm sure glad you're all right."

I thanked him for his kindness and concern, and assured him that no one needed any help.

We concluded that Buck had recognized the car when it had passed our farm and had "set out" to overtake it, thinking he might find an ally that would find ways to get the door open for him.

Hear 'dem Bells?

LOUIS S. Kurze of South Pasadena, California has been awakened every morning for nearly two months by the clang-clang of what seemed an alarm clock. Knowing that the noise was not coming from within his house, Mr. Kurze decided to investigate in the neighborhood to discover the cause of the startling noise.

The local telephone company denied having poles that could act as an alarm clock. The electric light company doubted

By Grace Cawkin

their equipment was causing the "ringing" but, probably to appease the "eccentric", they sent workmen out to "watch" the poles. After two days, the mischief-maker, a red crested flicker-woodpecker, was spotted joyfully tap-tapping on a big transformer at the tip of the pole.

"Nobody knows why that bird pecks on metal instead of wood," exclaimed Mr. Kurze, "but at least I know I'm not imagining I'm hearing things."

THOUSANDS of years before radio and television was invented, the little people of woods and forests had their own methods of relaying news of their home towns, the approach of enemies, the call to food—all the messages necessary to pass from one group to another. The signals might be different, but they were never confused.

A wolf, scenting the kill, raised his pointed muzzle, and sent the blood call ululating through the forests; and other wolves, padding on questing, furred feet, miles away, picked up the cry, and themselves transmitted it further miles, until, individually and in groups, they gathered to the feast.

A sentinel beaver, becoming alarmed, slapped a warning with his broad tail, and other beavers, up and down the stream, slapped their own signals and disappeared.

The white-footed mouse seldom utters a vocal sound, but signal back and forth to each other by drumming rapidly with their finger tips or toes. The sound so produced is a prolonged dr-r-r-r, which varies in length and force.

Another drummer is the woodpecker. In spring, this bird perches on a dead tree or branch and, with its strong, chisel-like bill, beats a rapid tattoo on the resonant wood. This drumming produces a long, loud roll which may be heard for a great distance and serves two purposes. First, it is the woodpecker's love call, and second, it is a challenge to rivals.

The ruffed grouse or partridge also drums out its message of love. This bird, however, drums by flapping its wings. At first, the sound is slow and deep, like the thumping sound of an Indian's tom-tom. The tempo is then increased until it is a drumming, rolling roar, like distant thunder.

This sound is made by the concussion of swift wing blows upon the air and is heard in front of the bird, but not in back. The male cock grouse only, performs this feat and while so doing, it struts about, usually on a fallen tree, known as a "drumming" log. In the spring, this thumping is both a love call to the hen grouse and a boast of defiance to rival males.

The deer, too, signals with foot thumps. Many times one of these creatures will peer into a thicket and thump the earth with its front foot. From the thicket will come a thumping reply and a second deer will emerge.

A rabbit, sitting at attention in the grass, his long ears stretched upward like an aerial to catch the faintest sounds, grounds his message with a loud thump. Immediately other thumps are beaten out by other rabbits all through the woods, and then comes silence; and the cruel hawk, flying among the trees on noiseless wings, wonders where all his breakfasts have gone.

The lion, gaping mouth to the ground, sounds his coughing roar over the veldt, and frightened creatures far away scuttle to safety, or are forced into betraying their presence through panic, and are captured by this wily announcer.

Our own Indians sent their messages by smoke signals. Building a fire on some high mountain peak, where it could be seen unbelievable distances, they produced smoke, and they "told the world" what they wanted it to know.

The crow on a high limb, watching over his feeding flock; a lead gander spying out possible dangers far in advance of the flying wedge, some tiny sentry squatting in watchful dignity at the mouth of his burrow while the remaining citizens of

Original Broadcasters



Mr. White-Foot squeaks, "I say, did you tap something?"

Dogtown disport themselves; an old rooster among a flock of hens; the wild horse, trumpeting from some far-flung, rocky crag; the chattering squirrel and noisy blue jay—Nature's picket men—are the original announcers over a vast hook-up, whose stations encircle the globe.

Messenger Service, Anyone?



By Ruth Kirkpatrick
Goodwin

CHUB was an awkward pup because he lacked the long legs and graceful trim like his collie mother, but the Carpenters loved him just the same.

"He'll make a good playmate for the children," they said when they learned he was gentle and affectionate.

That was fourteen years ago, and Chub has been a fortunate dog during those years. Not only has he had the children for companions, and been well fed and cared for, but he has lived in an area where he could roam the woods and hills at will.

Years ago Chub got into the habit of taking a run through the woods early in the morning before the children were up and ready to play and before Gladys, his mistress, was out in the yard or garden to talk to him.

During his early morning ramblings he learned that he was welcome at a little home near the woods, and it became a habit to stop for a drink each morning before he went the rest of the way home. Mrs. Allemang, who lived in the little house began to save a bone or a little food for him so he could also have something to eat when he stopped.

One morning Chub stopped for his usual morning drink when Mrs. Allemang

was getting ready to make a trip to town. On her front porch was a bouquet of flowers she had wrapped in paper and tied with a string. The bouquet was for her niece whom she would visit in town.

Mrs. Allemang watching from the window, saw Chub get his drink and then walk to the porch and examine the flowers. She watched him pick up the bouquet in his mouth and start trotting down the road for home. She watched him as far as she could see him, and he was still carrying his flowers.

"I bet he takes them to Gladys," she said to herself.

She was right. Chub took the flowers home. He lay down with the bouquet, between his front paws.

Gladys was hanging clothes on the line when she noticed Chub's whining and went over to see what was bothering him. She found her gift, and he didn't object to her taking it.

The next morning Mrs. Allemang fixed another bouquet, put it on the porch, and watched to see if Chub would take it.

He stopped for his drink, looked at the flowers, but started for home without them.

"Chub, come back here. I'm going to make you take this bouquet," said Mrs. Allemang, and she tied them to his collar.

Again Chub took the flowers home. Gladys was not in the house, so Chub whined at the front door until she came and got her gift.

In a few days the neighbors had a

chance to exchange information, and from that time on Chub became their messenger dog.

During the intervening years Chub has carried numerous bouquets, garden and flower seeds, quilt and dress patterns, and garden produce. The number of notes and letters that he has carried can not be counted.

One morning about a year ago Mrs. Allemang was alone because her husband had gone to town. After her husband's departure, Mrs. Allemang became very ill, and suspected the cause to be a heart attack.

She did not have a telephone and could not call a doctor. Neither did she feel well enough to go to the Carpenters nor another neighbor for help. There was only one way to get help—that was to send a message by Chub.

"Chub is old," she thought. "What if he is too ill and does not come this morning?"

But she waited near the door. Surely Chub would not fail her!

Finally, after what seemed to her to be a long wait, Chub came trotting up the little path from the woods.

"Chub, come here!" she called, and Chub stood patiently while she tied the note she had written to his collar. She had written, "I'm awfully sick. Call the doctor and come as soon as you can."

"Go home, Chub!" she said.

Chub needed no further instructions, for he was a self-made messenger dog.



Of interest to the ladies, the zipper is patterned after the way the hair on a feather is locked together.

Inventors — Take Note!

By Olive Peabody

DID you know that many of our inventions come from our animal friends? I didn't, until I heard a talk several weeks ago that spurred me and my family on to playing a game of pairing some invention with the animal, reptile, bird or insect that had been the instigator for the idea. We found many more examples than had been given by the speaker. This was like playing "Find the hidden picture within a picture," that is such a popular feature in so many children's magazines and that we mothers and fathers enjoy doing, too. Consequently we all had a perfectly wonderful time looking for the animal that inspired the invention.

In medicine, the obvious one was the hypodermic needle evolved from a snake's fangs. The long hollow pointed tooth through which the poison passes is in principal the same. Also in this category is the blood suction machine used by the doctor and dentist in surgery, likened of course, to a leech.

Of interest to the ladies, the zipper is patterned after the way the hair on a feather is locked together; and surely who

ever made the first fan had watched a peacock spread his beautiful feathers.

In warfare, the armour has a name similar to the armadillo, that showed us its value. How much the tank is like a turtle is not to be overlooked. Camouflage was thought of through watching how our friends do it; the chameleon, certain moths, the polar bear, the ptarmigan, prairie chicken, ermine and many others.

Some of our amusements have borrowed a thing or two. I can remember the old honey comb radiators on cars; and of course the name antenna, which belongs to insects, myriapods and crustaceans has not even been changed. Swim fins made like the web feet of some of our animal friends have added to the enjoyment and speed in swimming.

As we looked through our book of birds, all of us had a good laugh, because the cock-a-too, the jay and a few others had burr cuts long before "young America" did. My smallest child wanting to get into the act brought out her piggy bank and insisted it had been borrowed from the pig.

What's in a Name?

By Virginia Kinz

HAVE you ever wondered why the boxer is called by that name, or how the chow became known as such?

Many dogs are named for physical characteristics or abilities. The boxer, for instance, is so called because of the way he does battle. When fighting, the boxer uses his front paws with a feinting motion, just as a man uses his hands when boxing. The word terrier means "to go to earth," and describes this little dog's aptitude for digging. Another dog who receives his name from his physical abilities is the pointer.

The great Dane is quite an international canine. His name is derived from the French, who called him grand Danois, meaning big Dane. The name was later accepted by the English and Americans. Although his title suggests it, the great Dane is not a Danish dog at all, but originated in Germany.

The majority of dogs are called by the countries or areas where they were first bred. Just a few of these are the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the Newfoundland, the Welsh terrier, the English bulldog, the Labrador retriever, and the French poodle.

The animals which they hunt or fight furnish names for some of our canine friends. It is not difficult to conceive how the Norwegian elkhound, bulldog, and bull terrier get their names. Dachs-hund means "badger-dog," and describes the game which this popular little pet was originally bred to hunt.

The Keeshond is named for a famous Dutch patriot. The Gordon setter takes its title from the Duke of Gordon, a Scottish noble who helped to develop the breed.

The history of the naming of the chow is one of the most interesting. China Trade captains used the pidgin English term "Chow-chow" to describe all kinds of odds and ends brought back from China in their cargo. It was easier to list the many different articles under the one word "chow-chow" than list each separate item. Dogs were a part of this cargo, or "chow-chow."

There are many hundreds of types of dogs; and each breed has its own interesting story and name.



Public Relations— Animal Style!

THE average person just takes it for granted—that a dog and a cat are arch enemies. Perhaps, some are! But these pictures prove one thing—they can be friends. And what is more, they enjoy their companionship. H-m-m-m-mmmm! Maybe—we might take lessons on How-To-Win-Friends-and-Influence-People or How-To-Get-Along-With-Your-Worst-Enemy!—the canine-feline way.

"Now, I tell you, it was like this. You see, Butch said to Maizie, 'Look me straight in the eye when you say that.' Just as I'm doing to you, see."

Photo by Baldwin

"Hey, fellers! Fightin' won't settle it. Can't we sort of settle this thing peaceably? Hey! Hey! Look, fellers. All right. I'll be the referee."

Photo by Daniel Gregory



"I know you were in there first, but after all, ole thing, it is my house and I would appreciate it very much, if you would remove yourself . . . or . . . at least move over!"

Photo by B. Avezathe



Now, now. I'm sure they didn't mean what they said. We all say things when we're angry that we regret later. There. There . . . dry your tears and you can stay with me."

Photo by John Ghiore, Quincy Patriot Ledger

"Here is a big kiss for being so nice. It was sweet of you to say those lovely things about me to the Mistress. I'll do the same for you some day."

Photo by Edna Coe





"How would you like a pair of plastic boots?"

Things and Things

By Wallace M. Depew

SHEP and I have just returned from our evening walk.

As you can see I am in an easy chair, but I have a sneaky idea Shep is telling me that she should be where I sit. To tell the truth, it was a long walk and I really don't blame Shep for wanting to change places.

Oh, yes, Shep talks, not human-like, but we generally understand each other.

So, to change the subject, I say, "You never had it so good."

But Shep is tired and appears not interested. Then I say, "How would you like a pair of plastic boots?" Shep's reply (interpreted by me) was, "You don't mean it."

"Well, they have plastic boots for dogs," I reply. And flannel pajamas

that zip up the back, also rubber trench coats with detachable hoods to wear in the rain, and mink coats."

Shep yawns and says (my interpretation again), "Well, well, now!"

"That's not all," I continue, "a New York pet shop sells hearing aid and glasses for dogs."

"If I could just have a little snack now," Shep says in her way.

So, I get some biscuits and give them to her.

An hour later, I wake up. Shep is still sound asleep, evidently dreaming of the things I told her about—and remembering that it is not too far distant when Santa Claus comes with gifts that are not expected.

Anyway, it was a long walk!

Animals Are Dumb?

MANY people believe that because animals are dumb, they are "dumb"; that is, stupid. Animals are like human beings in that there are stupid ones and intelligent ones and they have the same basic emotions that humans do. That is, love, hatred, jealousy, kindness and sympathy.

We lived on a farm for a number of years and during one period we had two brood sows. One was a big, hefty animal who bossed the other around, took her food and in general acted as if she couldn't stand the sight of the smaller one.

They usually gave birth to their pigs around the same time and never more than a week apart so that we often switched pigs from one sow to another if there was reason for so doing.

Once when they were both expecting pigs, the little sow went out in the woods and hid and we couldn't find her. The other made up her bed, preparatory to having hers, in a compartment of the hog house where she slept every night. This they do usually only a few hours before time for the pigs to be born.

After the little sow had been gone several days, she came up to the hoghouse with her little pigs. She was extremely ill. And much to our surprise, the big sow let her go into her compartment in the hoghouse and lay down on the bed she had made. Somehow, she knew the little sow was sick and let her do this. Ordinarily, this sow wouldn't have let the little one stick her head through the opening in the pen without almost killing her. Then the big sow went out in the hog lot and made herself another bed under a pine tree. Shortly after, her pigs were born.

The little sow becoming more ill all the time, finally knew that she couldn't take care of her pigs. So she went down with them near the other sow and when they were sleeping, she went off by herself. But she left her pigs where she thought they would be taken care of. About half of the pigs the big sow raised belonged to the little one. We could tell by the red markings on them like their own mother who was part red.

Thus is shown two instances where animals had intelligence enough to show kindness, consideration and sympathy toward their fellow creatures.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Actions Speak Louder than Words

By Diemut Wolter

MY aunt and uncle were very fond of dogs. They kept four dachshunds; all beautiful animals.

One day, my uncle went to visit some friends and took along three of his dogs. The fourth, Trollie, had to stay home; she was the oldest one and, besides, my aunt wanted to keep her home for companionship. Trollie was her favorite, for she had had Trollie since "puppy-hood" and had even cared for Trollie's mother. For fifteen years, Trollie had been her loyal companion and had helped my aunt overcome many sad and lonesome hours.

Because of a serious heart ailment, my aunt could not leave the house as much as she would have liked, but, it was not necessary for her to remain in her bed all of the time. Whenever she felt the beginning of the familiar symptoms of the acute pain in her heart, she would go to the closet in her room where she kept a bag with her medicines, take her medicine, and then lie down on the bed. Trollie would look up at her as if she understood what was the matter.

On this morning when she was alone with Trollie, the fierce pain seized her again. It was much more severe than ever before. She managed to lie down on the sofa in the living room—she was unable to get her medicine!

Everything was growing dim around her. The only real thing was that pain! She felt a cool nose touch her hand. Trollie! She tried to pet her, but Trollie was gone.

Where? Scratching at the half-closed, bedroom closet door, Trollie succeeded in opening it and pulled out my aunt's black bag. Then, Trollie brought it quickly to the sofa. With trembling hands, my aunt took out the proper medication and swallowed it.

After a short period of time, the pain subsided. My aunt was weakened, but she knew she would be all right again. Tears filled her eyes as she opened them, and there, beside the sofa, sat Trollie looking up at her with compassionate, loyal eyes.



At the full of the moon, they leap to the window sills, and "call".

Is Your Cat Moon-struck

By Gertrude B. Fiertz

IN the full of the moon, we have often noticed, our two cats seem "moon-struck." Since we live close to city traffic, and have heard recognized cat authorities say that a cat can be brought up happily and safely entirely within doors, we have never allowed ours outside since we brought them home as kittens. These cats are now in "late middle age," but continue active and healthy, chasing each other or playing with their catnip mice between naps, and usually spend the evening quietly with us in the living room. At the full of the moon, however, it is another story. Then they roam restlessly throughout the house, frequently leap to the window sills and "call."

Recently we talked with a friend who "cat-sits" and even boards a few cats at a time for neighbors who go out of town.

"How do you get along with these strangers?" we asked. "Cats are such individualists."

"Usually I have no trouble," she told me. "Only," she added, "at the full of the moon. Then both our own cat and the visitors are restless. If I forget the moon is full, I know it quickly enough from the way the cats behave that evening."

We remembered a remark on another member of the cat family by John Gunther in his recent *Inside Africa*. "The full moon strongly affects lions."

"Lady" Pulls a Fast One

By Harris Holmes

YOUR eyes say you love me, but you still insist on using my favorite chair." The pleading eyes of my cocker spaniel tried just once more, but I hardened my heart and insisted on my rights as master of the house. So Lady jumped down and padded away disconsolately.

I settled myself comfortably with the evening paper, but pondered for a moment on this daily battle of ours. "Lady" and I loved the same chair, and it was a constant struggle as to who held the upper hand—or paw! It was the one spot where her utter devotion to me showed any wavering. She wanted that chair for her own, and I'm frank to admit that those limpid pleading eyes usually won out. "But not tonight," I muttered into my beard as I scanned the news.

It wasn't long before a little whine attracted my attention. Lady was on a stool by the window, intently gazing at something outside. When she sensed I was looking at her, she pressed her nose to the pane and whimpered as if something most interesting was out there.

I returned to my paper. Soon she scratched at the sill and gave a couple of short barks, and then looked over at me. That particular window faced on a side yard where no one was likely to pass by. I wondered what she could possibly be worried about. Again she whimpered and looked at me.

"OK, OK," I sighed, "we'll see what is bothering you." I laid my paper down and went to the window. There was absolutely nothing to be seen in any direction!

"What in the world are you fussing about," I said, glancing down at the stool. No Lady! She had made a bee line for the chair I had vacated. There she lay, her nose on her paws, eyes closed, the perfect picture of innocence.

"You tricked me!" I said, shaking my finger at her unheeding head. "There hasn't been anything outside that window for hours."

Without lifting her head from her paws, she raised one eye and looked straight at me for a long moment. Then heaving a small sigh, she snuggled more comfortably into the chair she had won by her wits.

Yes, Lady had won again.

The CANINE COLUMN

By Frances Emiler

IMPRESSIONS while sitting in the veterinarian's waiting room . . . you meet the most interesting dogs, as well as the most interesting people!

For instance—the man who called for his cocker spaniel who had been boarding. The dog bounced out to greet him, flopped down and rolled over on its back at his feet.

"What's the matter?" consoled the man, as he reached down to stroke his pet. "Didn't they have time to rub your tummy as much as your Mommy does?"

I could imagine the busy doctor going around rubbing the tummies of all the boarding dogs . . . at least twice a day.

The lone little girl with a worried look on her face and a black miniature poodle under her arm . . . not a large dog, but an armload for her.

"Doctor, my dog is sick and I don't know . . ."

The conversation faded as the door of the examination room closed behind her. A few minutes later she emerged . . . the poodle still under her arm, an envelope of tablets in her hand, and a big smile on her face. You knew her dog would be all right!

The man who came dashing in . . . his dog had been hit by a car. I willingly offered him my turn, only to find that the dog had been hit by a car . . . TWO DAYS AGO! Nothing like tending to things PROMPTLY!

"Dog's sick," he said, pointing to what seemed like a mile or two of dachshund.

"The youngsters' pet, you know. Nothing would do but I had to bring him over here and find out what's wrong with him. Pretty silly, I suppose, but

you have to keep the children happy."

I nodded in agreement, and wondered if he thought the gruff tone of his voice was hiding the concern in his eyes.

The woman with her small terrier carefully wrapped in a towel. To her "sick as a dog" was no figure of speech.

"There's just nothing you won't do for them. They're like . . . well, they are members of the family."

I felt the same way. My dog sat trembling in my lap. His turn now. It could be serious. I hoped it wasn't. The doctor motioned for us. I stepped forward and once again appreciated the reassuring smile of this competent man who knew how to be kind to people, as well as animals. No wonder his waiting room was so crowded with both!

Many readers ask how often their dogs should have a physical check-up. It's rather difficult to generalize, because the answer depends mostly upon *your* dog. Once a year is probably adequate for the average dog. A young dog in good health may not need one that often. However, older dogs should be checked by your veterinarian more frequently, with special attention to teeth and ears. If your dog has some chronic ailment, he, too, should be examined more often, at intervals suggested by your veterinarian.

If you're in doubt about your dog, better have him checked too often than not often enough. It's good "health insurance."

Are YOU leading the dog's life instead of your dog? Send us your problems and questions. We'd like to help you! Address Canine Column Editor.

To a St. Bernard

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

*I love your every pound, and yet
When you jump on me I wish, my pet,
That you were canine merchandise
In a less-than-giant, economy size.*

Condensation

*Whether thin or fat,
In her sleeping place
She's a quart of cat
In a pint of space.*

"Coppie" Housekeeper De Luxe

By Catharine T. Manning

HAVE you ever heard of a dog whose weekly jobs included helping with the dusting in the house, cleaning up the yard outside, and helping hang the laundry on washday?

Through the centuries following the domestication of the wild dog, the useful tasks these animals have been trained to perform have been reflected in the breeds which were developed. So, for example, we have sheep dogs and the like, but teaching a dog to help with household chores has apparently been overlooked.

Not being able to lean down and pick up objects from the floor after a back injury and having with it poor muscular coordination, I would no more begin the housework than down would go my implements on the floor with no one in the house to pick them up for me. But, there was our seven-year-old Irish terrier, "Coppie," who knew how to carry objects in her mouth, and it was no trick at all to teach her to pick up whatever I pointed out with the tip of my left toe and to stand on her hind legs, holding the object in her mouth until I got a firm grasp on it before she dropped down to the floor again. She had, on the other hand, to teach me a few things.

One of these was how to get heavy, awkward articles into position so she could get a grip on them to lift them up. Books I put between my feet, standing the spine of the book up between my legs so her teeth could get a good purchase on the binding. Magazines are raised the same way. Envelopes, sheets of paper, I push up one corner and stand on the remainder so that she doesn't pounce on them with her forepaws and



This shows how "Coppie" picks up a magazine.

rip the paper in trying to get her teeth under it.

A throw rug she picks up by one end, backs carefully over the top of it, pulling it with her until she has enough crumpled folds to reach to my waist when she stands up with it in her mouth. I can pull it up the rest of the way.

When it came to buttons, bobby pins, toothpaste caps (and leave it to these to roll under things like a bathtub), we struggled despairingly, for if her chin whiskers concealed the tiny object, she would open her mouth as I searched down the length of her tongue and nearly swallow it before I could grab it. One morning she picked up a hairpin, dashed into the living room and waited for me on the rug. As I approached, she stood up with her paws against me and with her mouth closed, shoved away my fingers three times. Then she dropped her moist black nose, nuzzled the palm of my hand until I cupped it below her mouth. Out came the pin into my hand. From that moment, she never demurred at picking up small items and her pleasure at figuring out how to hand them to me was such that she grinned and sneezed around me the rest of the day.

But washdays she still detests. Wet socks, dripping dishcloths, damp soapy

towels she can search all over the kitchen for, pretending not to see them when one drops, and my involuntary "Oh, dear" is her signal that her services are needed. When she finally relents, she takes it by one corner, by one tooth, and stands up, gingerly holding her head sideways so the watery article won't touch her body. Clothespins, on the other hand, are a temptation to chew and toss in the air as I stand at the line ready to pin something and impatiently beg her to hand me the pin which just slipped out of my hand. She loves to tease and so plays deaf.

Picking up the yard entails cleaning it of empty ice cream cartons she has licked, empty match books, loose papers and such dropped by the garbage collector and she will even take these over and drop them in the garbage pail if the lid is off. This last bit she learned as a result of a tantrum.

She hates to be left home from a drive, and one afternoon we returned to find the rug in the room she'd been shut in, strewn with the contents of the bedroom scrapbasket. My husband made her clean up the whole mess, carrying the minute particles of paper over to the basket until the floor was completely bare again. She never tried that again, but she had learned what happened to discarded junk and willingly added that to her chores.

YOUNG READER'S

Animal Comparisons

By Ada B. Turner

CAN you complete these familiar similes with the name of an animal?

- 1 Proud as a
- 2 Work like a
- 3 Mad as a wet
- 4 Clum as an
- 5 Poor as a
- 6 Brave as a
- 7 Gaunt as a
- 8 Strong as an
- 9 Wise as an
- 10 Graceful as a

Punky

By Susan Eldridge (Age 12)

I had a kitty named Punky,
Who was sometimes very spunky,
But he would never claw or tear,
At any table or chair.
He would just sit in my lap and purr,
While I'd stroke his soft, gray fur.
But then one day he was hit by a car,
Now to find another Punky, I'll have to look
very far.

Pet Show

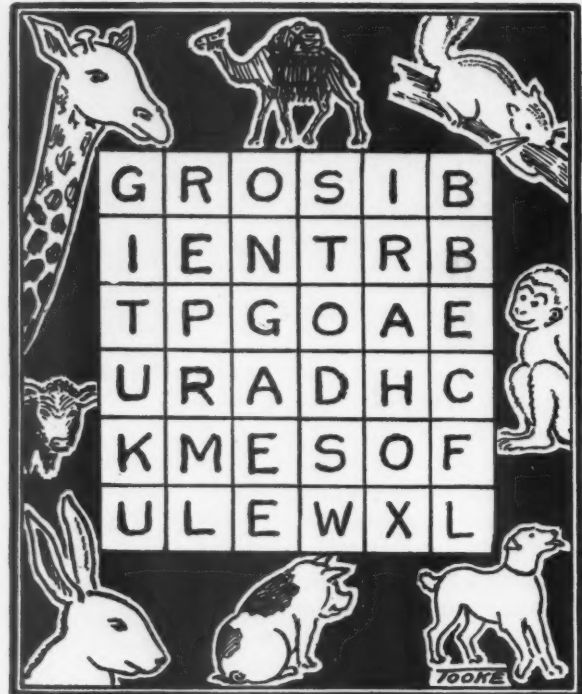
MY friend Terry Coon and I had a cat show! We collected \$1.87 and we would like to contribute this money to the Angell Memorial Hospital.

In the cat show we gave out blue ribbons, red ribbons, and white ribbons. My friend and I each love animals, and I have a Siamese cat named Kalya that I entered in the show. I did have a dog named Coco.

My friend Terry Coon has a cat named Mittons and a Siamese cat named Saki and a dog named Pepper. The cats entered in the show were: my cat Kalya, and my friend's cats Mitton and Saki, and another good friend of ours' cat named Benjamin, and two other friends of ours were going to bring their cats named Nippy and another Persian cat which I don't know the name.

The refreshments were lemonade and cookies. We had ten people that came and the tickets were 10c which made a dollar. My age is ten and my friend is nine and half years old.

Linda Main



How Many Animal Names Can You Find?

By Alfred I. Tooke

HOW many animal names can you spell out in the diagram, starting at any square you like and moving at a time in any direction, but not using the same square twice in any name? For instance, starting from B on the second line you can spell B-A-T, which is really an animal and not a bird. We found 31 animal names. How many can you find?

Bird Subtraction

By Laura Alice Boyd

1. Subtract B from a bird with a red breast, get a common metal.
 2. Subtract P from a common bird, get an Indian's weapons.
 3. Subtract T from a swift, long-legged bird, get church singers.
 4. Subtract W from a graceful bird, get a word that means permits.
 5. Subtract A from the king of birds, get happiness.
- NOTE: Change the order of the letters if necessary.

Answers: 1. robin-iron; 2. sparrow-arrows; 3. ostrich-choirs; 4. swallow-allow; 5. eagle-glee.

PAGES



Haram Scaram

By Sherry Arell (Age 5)

THIS is my kitty, Haram Scaram, helping my brother and me to get ready for Halloween. I like OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

An Egg for Halloween

By Ida M. Pardue

THE "cluck, cluck" of a young hen proudly announcing her first egg is an especially welcome sound in Scotland on or before October 31st. For, in this country, an *eirack's* egg—the first egg laid by a young hen—is a necessary part of the Halloween fun.

The Scotch have kept alive the old custom of telling fortunes on October 31st. Their favorite divining game is played with an *eirack's* egg, which, at twelve o'clock, is cracked so that the white may be slowly spilled into a glass of water. As the albumen moves through the water, the different patterns formed are "read" as signs of events to come.

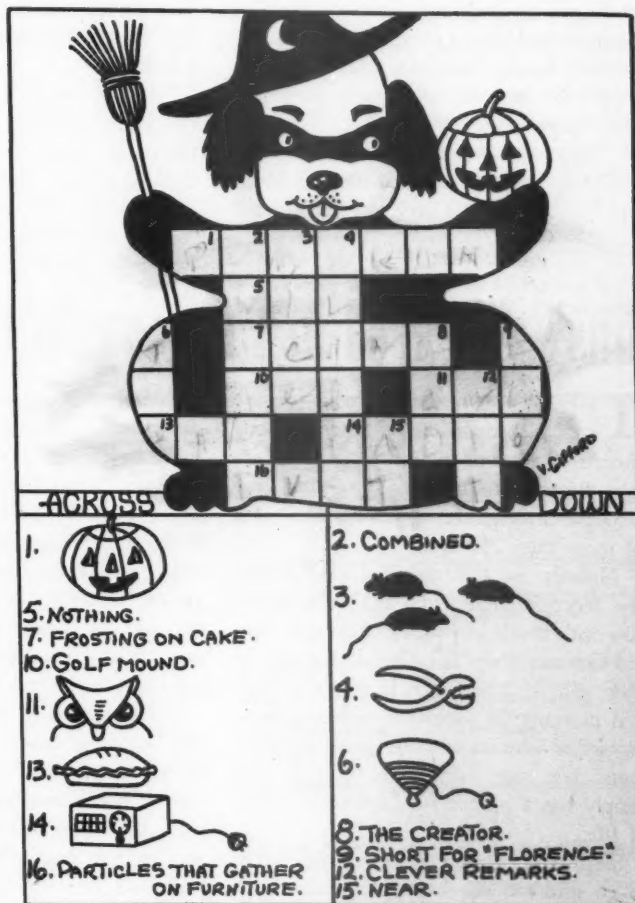
This is such a popular Halloween sport that the chicken is a very important character at this date. After all, who wouldn't like to know what the future holds for them? But remember, the *eirack's* egg is necessary for a true picture. Or don't you believe in fortune-telling?

Answers to Puzzle Across—1. pumpkin, 5. nil, 7. icing, 10. tee, 11. owl, 13. pie, 14. radio, 16. dust. Down—2. united, 3. mice, 4. pliers, 6. top, 8. God, 9. flo, 12. wit, 15. at.

Answers to Animal Comparisons: 1. peacock, 2. beaver, 3. hen, 4. oyster, 5. churchmouse, 6. lion, 7. wolf, 8. ox, 9. owl, 10. swan.

Hallowe'en Fun

ARE you going to have a party on Hallowe'en Eve, or will you be going to a party? There are all sorts of magic spells to be woven. Perhaps a witch will tell fortunes, or, if not, you may have written fortunes, attached to ribbons, in an old black iron pot. Each guest pulls a ribbon and a fortune comes out. And you will bob for apples, or try to eat an apple on the end of a string, without touching it with your hands, or peel an apple, toss the skin over your shoulder and, if carefully peeled and tossed, it will form the first initial of your fate. There are many games to be played to fit the occasion and a candy pull can be lots of fun. Put on your thinking caps and make plans now for the witching hour.



Noah's Ark

MANY of us think that the story of Noah and the Ark is found only in our own Bible. This story will help to change your thoughts because the accompanying picture, which is a photograph of an Arabian colored drawing found in Fez, Morocco, proves the Mohammedan religion includes Noah's story in its Koran. The Koran contains the scriptures of the Mohammedan religion.

The original picture is made in a primitive manner and brightly colored, its exact size being twenty by fourteen inches. As you can see it shows Noah's Ark with animals of every kind in it,—the horse, cow, elephant, camel, deer, ostrich, rhinoceros, lion, goat tiger, perhaps a dog, various birds, but oddly enough, there seems to be no cat. Perhaps he is sleeping among the members of Noah's family.

Around the four sides of the picture there are printed some parts of the 11th Sura of the Koran (paragraphs 40 to 50).

"So (Noah) built the Ark; and whenever the chiefs of his people passed by they laughed him to scorn. . . .

"Thus was it until our sentence came to pass, and the earth's surface boiled up. It was said: 'Carry into it one pair



Illustration of the Arabian conception of the Ark.

of every kind of animal, and thy family, except him on whom sentence had before been passed, and those who have believed.' But there believed not with him except a few.

"And he said: 'Embark ye therein. In the name of God be its course and its riding at anchor! Truly, my Lord is right Gracious, Merciful.'

"And the Ark moved on with them

amid waves like mountains; and Noah called to his son, for he was apart: 'Embark with us, O my child, and be not with the unbelievers. . . .'

It is interesting as always, to learn of the place animals occupied amid the civilizations of the past and that they were recognized for their usefulness to man and of man's dependence upon them and his duty toward them.

Gus's "Fenced-in" Personality

By Jack K. Ayre

THERE'S an invisible fence of unknown proportions extending along the street edge of our property in suburban Riverside, Conn. and running past a couple of neighboring lots for a distance of more than 250 feet.

Nobody in the neighborhood knows the fence is there—you can't see it and you can't touch it—but for my eight-year-old German Shepherd, Gus, it couldn't be more real if it were made of solid brick and mortar. Is poor Gus suffering from an optical illusion or some queer derangement, you may ask? Not at all! He simply has a wonderful "fenced-in" view of life.

Since puppyhood I've trained him never to go into the street without the proper command from me. Years ago I lost a

beloved pet through an automobile accident, and I just didn't want the same thing to happen to Gus.

Every time Gus ventured into the street, I would scold him and bring him back to our front yard, where I wanted him to learn to stay. Though not half grown, he caught on quickly. The street became "off limits" to Gus and was an area to be skirted no matter how tempting the allurements on the other side.

If Gus chased a ball that happened to roll into the street, he learned to curb his ardor and wait for a "Go ahead!" from me. Once I saw him stop short in hot pursuit of a cat simply because the cat was able to burst through that invisible wall and he was not! That's when I knew I had a well-trained dog.

In the beginning I taught him to stay within the boundaries of our own yard, but as he developed into the fine 120-pound beast that he is today, it became apparent that he would need more "Lebensraum." With the forbearance of our very good neighbors, therefore, I gave him the freedom of properties adjacent to ours, and that has been the extent of his domain for the last eight years.

Whenever Gus and I take a walk, which is frequently, our concept about streets is never forgotten. Gus carefully keeps to the side of the street as a good pedestrian should (there are very few sidewalks in Riverside) and never thinks of crossing unless I tell him. At times he's almost too conscientious about it all.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

"Although shelter work is my especial interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

POPULAR DOGS

1 yr., \$3; 2 yrs., \$5

Specializing: Veterinary & Breeding Advice
2009 Ranstead St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

???

Puzzled? Probably not thinking of it now? But—X-mas and its gift confusion will be here before you realize it! Christmas shop the easy way—LET US DO IT FOR YOU!

Know how to please your friends and relatives? Know how to please your pocket-book too? A year's subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will do both. Young and old love it and it is only \$1.00 each if 5 or more subscriptions are ordered at one time. The price is \$1.50 each if less than five are ordered.

So—send us your list with payment to 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. Then sit back and relax. Easy?

PUBLICATIONS

For Sale by the **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Leaflets on the care and feeding of pets.

| | Each | Hundred* |
|--|---------|----------|
| Care of Canaries | 2 cts. | \$1.25 |
| Parrot and Parakeet Book | 25 cts. | |
| Parakeets as Pets | 3 cts. | \$2.00 |
| A Loyal Friend | 3 cts. | \$2.00 |
| Care of the Dog | 5 cts. | \$3.00 |
| Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs | 10 cts. | \$5.00 |
| Eulogy on the Dog, by Sen. Vest, post card | 2 cts. | \$1.25 |
| Cushioned Claws | 3 cts. | \$2.00 |
| Care of the Cat | 5 cts. | \$3.00 |
| The Beggar Cat, post card | 2 cts. | \$1.25 |
| First Aid to Animals | 10 cts. | \$5.00 |
| Turtle Cruelty | 3 cts. | \$2.00 |
| Care of the Horse | 5 cts. | \$3.00 |

Any of the above leaflets and also the following help teachers to integrate units of work from the world of natural phenomena as a part of the total school program.

| | |
|--|---|
| Care of the Cat—35mm. black and white filmstrip which comes complete with teacher's manual | \$2.00 |
| Nature Recreation—book by Dr. W. G. Vinal | \$3.50 |
| You and Your Dog—elementary grades | 10 cts. |
| What Do You Know About Animals? | 10 cts. |
| The Power of Kindness | 5 cts. |
| Ways of Kindness | 5 cts. |
| Cruelty at Eastertime | 5 cts. |
| Pic, Barb and Sword | 5 cts. |
| Nature Study in the Camp Program | 5 cts. |
| Animal Plays— | |
| The Kindness Train | 6 cts. ea., 60 cts. dz., \$4.50 per 100 |
| One Morning Long Ago | 3 cts. ea., 30 cts. dz., \$2.00 per 100 |

Supplies for the formation of Junior Humane Societies

| | | |
|---|--------|--------|
| Be Kind to Animals blotters | 2 cts. | \$1.25 |
| Junior Humane Society pins—dog, cat and bird on red | 4 cts. | \$3.60 |
| White Star Band of Mercy pins—on blue ground with gilt letters and border | 2 cts. | \$2.00 |
| Be Kind to Animals pins—three styles | | |
| Humane Society, Band of Mercy, S. P. C. A. | | |
| dog, cat, horse, bird on white background | 2 cts. | \$2.00 |
| Junior Humane Society—Band of Mercy membership cards | 1 ct. | \$1.00 |

The monthly magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," with pictures, stories, articles and two children's pages—15 cts. a copy, \$1.50 per year.

Samples of the above leaflets and magazine will be sent free upon request.

* In lots of 500 16-2/3% discount on 100 price In lots of 1000 33-1/3% discount on 100 price

Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION**, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, **NATURE RECREATION** may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

| RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OR THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY | | | |
|--|----------|---------------|---------|
| Life | \$300.00 | Assn. Annual | \$12.00 |
| Sustaining Annual | 100.00 | Active Annual | 5.00 |
| Supporting Annual | 50.00 | Annual | 2.00 |
| Contributing Annual | 25.00 | Children's | 1.00 |

Since 1832

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.

Funeral Service

Local—Suburban—Distant



Christmas Shopping?

Let us do it for you

A year's subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS is bound to please your friends and relatives—young or old. Not just once, but 12 times will will your gift renew itself.

Pages of appealing animal pictures and stories just as fascinating, will provide pleasure the whole year through.

The price is only \$1.00 each if 5 or more subscriptions are ordered at one time (foreign subscriptions, please add 50 cents each for postage. The price is \$1.50 each if less than five are ordered. That includes the gift card pictured above which is printed in old-fashioned Christmas colors of red and green.

Please send your order as quickly as possible. We will send the card for you and do our very best to see that it arrives before Christmas and that your gift will begin with the January issue.

All you do is this:

1. PRINT the names and addresses of all those you wish to remember.
2. Tell us how you want us to sign your gift card.
3. Enclose your check, money order or cash in the correct amount for your order.
4. Include your own name and address.
5. Mail to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.
6. Relax in a comfortable easy chair and have a very, very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

